

CHARIVARIA.

THE conclusions arrived at by our Mediterranean Conference are, it is said, to be kept a close secret—and, if we send any *Dreadnoughts* to that sea, they will, in order to avoid the arousing of susceptibilities, travel *incog*.

The "Kill that Fly" campaign in this country is now said to be causing grave alarm among the enemy, and cautious flies are going about only in couples.

The importance of stemming the rush into the towns by making country life less dull is gradually being appreciated. At Dadlington, in Leicestershire, an inquest was held on the village green the other day.

At the annual meeting of the Rhyl Council a certain rule for the restriction of bathing was discussed, and it is rumoured that one gentleman referred to the offending regulation as a "by-law and a reproach."

A report has been drawn up in favour of introducing electric light into the House of Commons in the place of gas. This is clearly part of a wide scheme for reducing the length of speeches.

A kind-hearted lady is making an appeal to the charitable for motor-bicycles for cab-runners. It seems that many of these now have a difficulty in keeping up with taxi-cabs.

The genius of the late Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT would appear to have been hereditary. His father was a sky-pilot.

American scientists are puzzled over an eight-legged fish that barks like a dog and eats ravenously. It was, we are told, recently caught in a net off the Lower Californian coast. But is it a fish? May it not really be an eight-legged dog that swims like a fish?

At Acton Police Court last week, a lady produced a handful of hair alleged to have been removed from her head by her sister. The magistrate suggested that their mother should lock the door of the home against the

unruly daughter. It is doubtful, however, whether this would keep out one who is an adept in removing locks.

In the window of a famous optician, not one hundred yards from High Holborn, may be seen a small telescope which is described as "focussing at one yard—useful for Naturalists and Etymologists." This gives one a good idea of the difficulties presented by our English language.

After fifteen years' absence a serpent, twenty feet long, has reappeared in Lake Minnetonka. The creature is supposed to have been sulking all this time at the bottom of



FACE TO FACE WITH NATURE.

EFFECT OF A TOO PROLONGED STUDY OF THE CUCKOO'S NOTE UPON A PERSON OF A MODERATELY STRONG CONSTITUTION.

the lake because the comic papers chaffed it when it last showed itself.

The Enfield Education Committee has granted an application from the local Territorials to use school playgrounds for the purposes of drill. We know now where the Battle of Dorking will have been won.

A man, *The Express* tells us, while shaking Mr. ROOSEVELT's hand in a New York crowd, had his pocket picked of £3. Mr. TAFT, no doubt, is now advising people to insist on the Colonel showing both his hands.

The Servants' Tax Resisters' Defence Association (phew!) is holding a meeting on the 27th inst. at the Albert Hall, and appeals to all householders "not only to come themselves, but to arrange that their servants shall be free to

come that evening." The appeal has received the enthusiastic support of burglars all over the metropolis.

A HINT TO AVIATORS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I want to make a little suggestion, which I feel sure would popularize cross-country flying. It occurred to me last Saturday during the Aerial Derby, when I and my two young daughters needlessly sustained some severe nervous shocks from being unable to distinguish between a *vol plané* and a fall. My suggestion is that, if the aviator would make a point of waving a green flag for a *vol plané*, and a red one for a fall, we should know when to watch a sublime spectacle with wonder and admiration, and when to look the other way. In case of the latter unfortunate contingency, may I also hint that, if a megaphone as well as a red flag could be included in the aerial outfit, the aviator could then protect the physical as well as the mental susceptibilities of the spectators, by advising them not only that he is falling but also where the fall is likely to take place.

I feel confident that the dear aviators will not be offended by this little suggestion, because I understand, from people who have met them socially, that they are quite charming men in their ordinary clothes."

Yours very sincerely, "MOTHER."

The Pertinacity of Larks.

"As we pause by the roadside a small brown bird springs out of the grass at our feet. It is a sky-lark. Stooping down, we see a little nest with three warm eggs in it. The sight inspirits us. The same lark sat on the same eggs three thousand years ago, and the same lark will be sitting on the same eggs three thousand years hence."—Mr. James Douglas in *The Daily News*, &c.

In a recent issue of *Punch* the remark that "while adults should rise from the table hungry, children should reach a sense of repletion before rising" was wrongly attributed to the Headmaster of Rugby. Mr. *Punch* has great pleasure in expressing his regret to Dr. DAVID for having credited him with an observation which threatened, if that were possible, to extend his wide popularity among his boys.

AT THE "HUNDRED YEARS AGO" BALL.

[With reflections on a paragraph in *The Daily Chronicle* of the same date.]

JOYFUL the shock—I even said, "I'm jiggered!"—
When, in a gown of five-score years ago,
I saw her sitting out, her face transfigured
By supper's after-glow.

Some two or three and twenty Springs had vanished
(Owing to Time's inevitable flight)
Since her confounded father went and banished
Me from my soul's delight.

Her beauty, which reminded me of Venus,
Long time had held my captive frame in fee
Till, as I said, her parent came between us,
Shouting, "It shall not be!"

There was no help for it: we had to sever;
I promised, in an ecstasy of pain
That split my best infinitive, "to never
Darken her path again."

Save for her sense of filial duty (this is
In many a lover's cup the acid drop)
I felt I might have changed her name to Mrs.
Carruthers Blenkinsop.

No ring, 'tis true, had passed, no signed confession,
Yet I surmised, by love's clairvoyant art,
That I had made a pretty strong impression
Upon the young thing's heart.

And now, when happy chance arranged this meeting,
That proud remembrance thrilled me through and
through;
I wore a sanguine smile and gave her greeting:—
"Well, Maud, and how are you?"

It must have been the tone in which I uttered
What in itself was not a subtle phrase;
Anyhow, something stirred the soul that fluttered
In her long, questioning gaze.

She drew a deep, deep breath, and then two others;
Three times in all her bosom heave and fell;
Finally she remarked, "My dear Carruthers,
I hope I see you well?"

What further questions and what poignant answers
Might have ensued upon this gambit-play,
Had not the band struck up The Brunswick Lancers,
I'm not prepared to say.

But, in that whirl of Wellingtonian fashion,
Though I mislaid her, I was not downcast,
But hugged the proof of Maud's undying passion
Resurgent from the past.

* * * * *
There is a prophet in *The Daily Chronicle*
Who through his Office Window scans the sky;
That night I read him, and the sudden monocle
Fell from my bulging eye.

His wheeze (I quote it roughly) ran as follows:—
"Should memory fail, draw three deep breaths," it
said;
"Thrice o'er inflate the pulmonary hollows,
And this should clear your head!" O. S.

THE PROVERB.

WE partook, wisely and well, of the dinner that Mrs. Shaw, in collaboration with her cook, had invented for us, and, fore-gathering in her drawing-room, looked to the former to provide us with entertainment.

"One of us," she announced, rising to the occasion, "goes out of the room, and the others think of a proverb." "As far as going out of the room is concerned," said I, "I am one of the others."

"And as far as thinking of a proverb is concerned," said Henry, "I am not." So Henry had to go out of the room and I started thinking.

To those who from poverty of circumstance or over-work have not had the opportunity of doing much proverb-ing, I should perhaps explain the theory of the sport.

You think of a proverb, but you do not, as in other games, double it. Instead, you distribute the proverb, word by word, among such of you as remain in the room, and then arrange yourselves in a semi-circle, leaving an empty chair in the middle. Thus, in our instance, Henry's sister was to take the first word, Mrs. Shaw the second, the Vicar the third, Miss Smithson the fourth, I the fifth, and, to cut the matter short, so on. It was for Henry to ask each of us a question, for each of us in our answer to introduce our particular word, and for Henry then to deduce the proverb. Complex? Maybe; but we English are an intellectual people.

"For the more astute," explained Mrs. Shaw, in the absence of Henry, "one should select a proverb with no significant word in it, such as *Where there's a will there's a way*."

"Give me the *a*," said I, "and I guarantee to introduce it into my answer in such a manner as to baffle the keenest observer."

"For the less competent and more bashful it is only fair to choose a proverb with a conspicuous word in it."

"*Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you* is about Henry's mark," said his sister; but we thought of a better one than that.

"Come in!" we cried, and Henry came in. (He was, he has since told me, glad to do so. The hall was draughty, and the only other people about it were servants clearing away. They regarded him as if he were playing a game by himself, and he did not feel at all proud about it.)

"Ask us all questions, starting with me," said Henry's sister, briskly. She appeared to have no confidence in his social ability.

"Why?" said Henry.

"Do as you are told, and ask me a question." Sisters are like that, but brothers know how to deal with them.

"Why?" said Henry.

His sister gave in and searched for an answer which should contain her allotted word. "The best people do as they are told, without asking why."

Henry did not maintain his brilliant start. He stared gloomily at Mrs. Shaw, and Mrs. Shaw stared encouragingly back. "Upon my word," he declared at last, "it is extraordinarily difficult to think of a question, isn't it?"

"Who am I that I should say?" answered Mrs. Shaw quickly, being an expert.

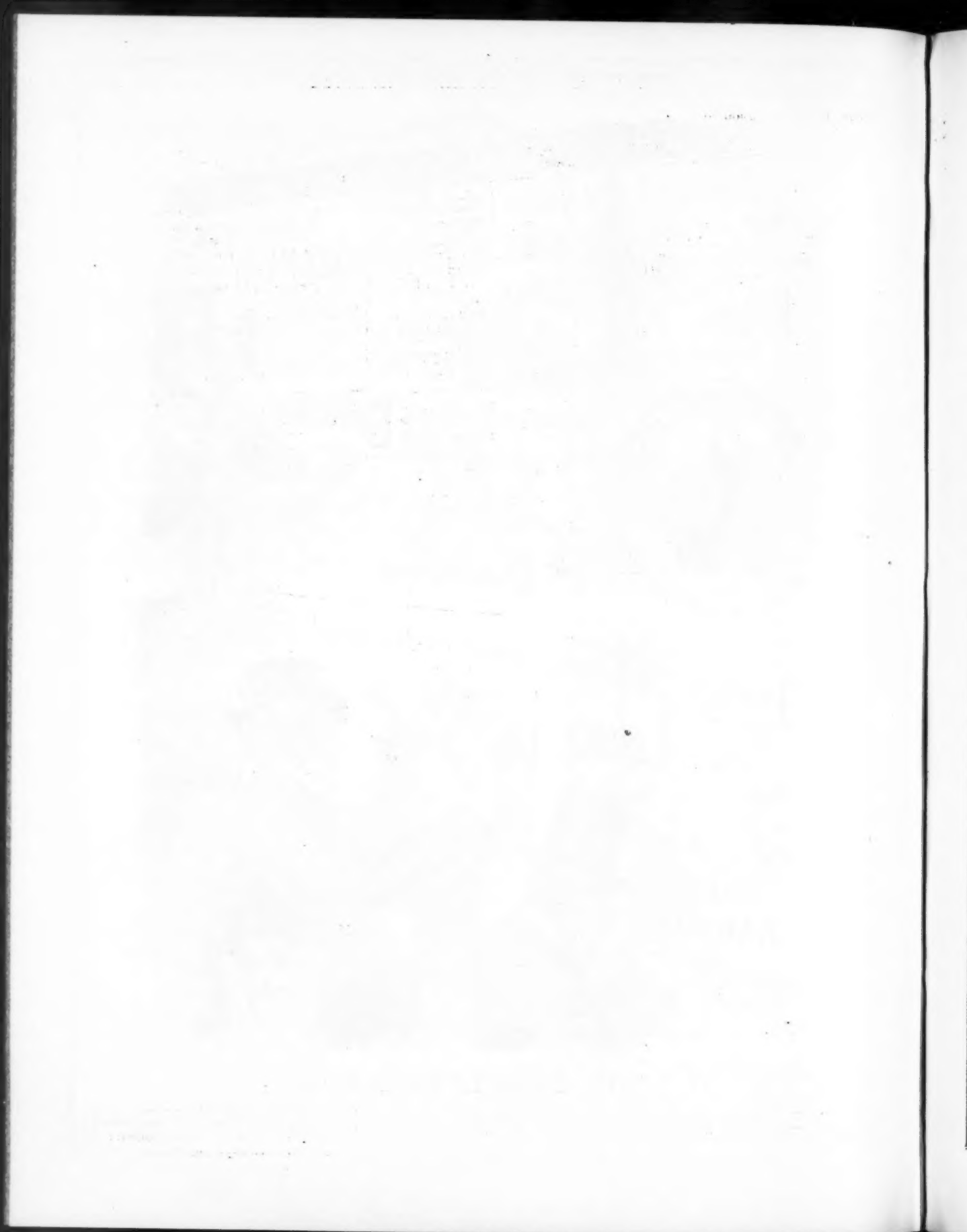
Henry turned upon the Vicar and put his next question. "What is the proverb?" he asked, simply. The Vicar's idea was very good: "As I live I don't rightly know." But the execution was poor, for this was how he said it:

"Let me see . . . *Live* . . . Yes . . . er . . . As I *LIVE* I don't rightly know." Henry, being something of a sleuth, caught hold of the *live* and thought a while.



THE OMAR-LAND ROUTE.

["Reuter's Agency understands that the British Government has accepted as completely satisfactory the proposals now made for the international" (British, Russian and French) "control of the projected trans-Persian line for linking up the Russian and Indian railway systems."—*The Times*.]





FASHION NOTE.

The General. "WHERE THE DOOCE HAVE ALL MY HATS GOT TO?"

THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTERS FURNISH THE EXPLANATION.

"People who live . . ." he murmured, looking at Miss Smithson. "How am I getting on?"

She tried to deceive him.

"Not so badly for a beginner. Well begun is half done, but there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and it is a long lane that has no turning." Henry, however, was not to be put off by all these counter-attractions, and stuck to the *in* in beginner.

"What are glasses made of?" he asked me.

"Glass," said I. It was no good trying to put him off a word like mine. Better give it him and have done with it.

Henry was now quite confident of having got the laugh over us. "What's your word?" he asked the next man.

"Houses," said he, being rather more of an Auction-Bridgite than a Proverber.

"People who live in glass houses . . ." said Henry to Mr. Shaw. "Need I go on with these questions?"

"If I were you I shouldn't," said Mr. Shaw. "Mine is the last word of the proverb and I have spoken it."

Henry was inclined to argue about it. "No," we told him, quite firmly and definitely, "our proverb has nothing about throwing stones in it."

* * * * *

We played other games after that, but Henry's attention was always elsewhere. At parting he went on his knees to us and begged to be told what our proverb was, promising not to argue any more.

"I could have sworn," he said, "that it was *People who live in glass houses shouldn't* . . ."

"So it was," we interrupted in chorus; "and a very sound proverb too."

RHYME—AND REASON.

In summer evenings, when the light grows dim
Upon the verge of darkness, Algernon
Shakspeare Souvigny—I am he (or him)—

Dreams of a damsel fair to look upon,
Healthy and wealthy (vastly so) and wise,
And preferably with the prefix *Hon*.

In dreams he marks the rapture in her eyes
When first she sees him; love is in that glance,
Those parted lips, that smile of glad surprise.

Love, too, inspires her tentative advance
(*He* always was pathetically shy);
And later, when the flower of their Romance

Has come to fruit, in dreams he sees them fly
By motor (*hers*); beholds them safely wed,
Her fortune still intact, and he thereby

Rescued from soulless toil, and filled instead
With *joie de vivre* and other cheerful things.
Such dreams his brain engenders, when the red

Of sunset dies, and Night's wide sable wings
Cover the earth . . . *Finis!* The End! The Close!
For nothing happens; and his visionings

Fade like the fleeting perfume of the rose. . . .
(*Private: Dear Punch, I wish you'd publish this;*
It might have some effect; one never knows.)

THE ROSE GARDEN.

(After the Author of "The Rosary.")

I.

The butler placed the solid gold teapot on the tray before Jane, and, bowing gracefully, retired.

Jane glanced at the Boy as he lounged in the satin-covered deck-chair. The harmony of his pink socks and his purple silk blazer did not blind her to the ardent glow of his eyes.

"Don't," she said.

"Don't what?" asked the Boy, showing his pearly teeth.

"You know."

The Boy stretched out his hand for the fragile porcelain cup—worth more than its weight in platinum. "Every time I look at your beautiful hand lifting the solid gold teapot I kiss it with my eyes."

"I knew," she whispered. "Boy, I am forty-nine."

"Girl, dear girl, I am twenty-one, but I love you."

"Little pink-faced boy, I am here to chaperon my niece. She is your age, she is beautiful, she has a hundred thousand a year. Marry her, pink-faced boy."

"What is money? Jane, share my poverty with me. I have but fifty thousand a year. It may be a generation before I succeed to the peerage. I hide nothing from you. Sweetest girl—"

She rose from the ebony garden-chair embossed with pearls.

"Pink-faced boy, go."

Her gesture was so commanding that he obeyed.

As his slim, graceful form vanished through the pergola a blackbird fluted in the myrtle-tree. Another moment and Jane's full sweet voice arose in all its mature sweetness. The birds hushed in their nests. She sang "The Rosary."

"At it again," murmured the butler from behind the sweet-briar hedge.

II.

Jane carolled in the rose-garden till the Duchess, who was removing withered leaves with an exquisite pair of gold scissors, raised her eyebrows in silent protest. The butler came forward with the Country-House Edition of *The Daily Mail* (printed on white satin) upon a heavy golden salver. He presented it pointedly to Jane. She sank on to a mossy bank and with eager fingers opened the paper.

"My pink-faced boy," she murmured. "He was flying yesterday."

Another moment and she laid the paper down and was speeding toward the great Elizabethan mansion which had been her home from childhood. Her dainty feet pattered over the costly mosaic pavement of the hall. A marquis held out a detaining hand, but, evading him, she vanished to her suite of rooms.

An hour later she reappeared. A scarf of priceless Brussels gagged her dainty mouth. Padding of Lyons silk stopped her exquisite ears.

"Jane," cried the Duchess, "what is the meaning of this?"

Jane made a sign to the butler. With the intuition of a faithful family servant he produced a gold-mounted writing tablet and a pencil of green jade.

The Duchess stared at the message

For one moment the Archbishop was a little overcome by the scent of the roses in which the church was ankle-deep, but he recovered himself. When, Jane, on the Duke's arm, floated gracefully down the aisle the eyes of the pink-faced boy met her and kissed her across the church. With a beautiful smile on her face she listened to the solemn service, and with calm confidence signed "I will" with her fingers.

A thrill of emotion passed through the church. Even the baronets and knights, who, to prevent inconvenient crowding, had been kept in the churchyard, participated in it. The Duchess kissed her tenderly and then, on the arm of her husband, she walked down the aisle. She had chosen poverty, affliction and the pink-faced boy, and she was radiantly happy.

"We've got her off all right," said the butler patronisingly to Viscount Plumpley, a poor relation of the family. "And now if only we can keep her from singing at the wedding-breakfast all will be well."

Militarism in Marylebone.

"Those in civilian dress must wear medals outside the coat. No sticks or umbrellas may be worn by those entitled to wear them."—*Regimental Orders of the St. Marylebone Battalion, National Reserves*.—"West London Gazette."

Although entitled to wear both sticks and umbrellas, we shall continue to do so.

Horrors from Hendon.

"LUCKY DOG.—A terrier dog, it is stated, was run over in Colin Deep Lane on Monday afternoon, but only slightly injured.

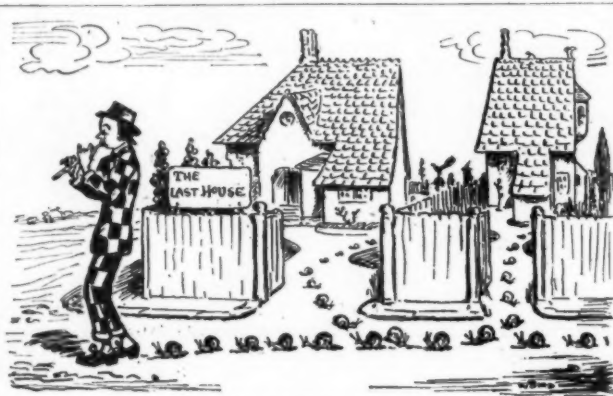
CLIMBING A STILE.—A Wood Green lady was getting over the stile at the top of Greyhound Hill, when she fell and hurt her ankle. Her husband was with her and medical aid was declined."—*Hendon Advertiser*.

Sudden Sundays in South Africa.

"Recently Mr. S— was removed to the Albany General Hospital, and an operation being urgent this was undertaken successfully, from whence he proceeded to make satisfactory progress towards recovery until Sunday which was not altogether unexpected came somewhat suddenly."—*Grahamstown Journal*.

"The Rev. Richard William Geldart, of Newfield, Clifton, Bristol, curate of Elmore and Longney, Gloucestershire, 1852-8 (net personality £16,769).....£16,889." *Birmingham Daily Post*.

The exclamations are supposed to have been interpolated by a devout Nonconformist admirer of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.



A MUCH-NEEDED REVIVAL.

A PIED PIPER TO DECOY THE SNAILS FROM A GARDEN CITY.

Jane wrote. "My little pink-faced boy has fallen from his aeroplane and has been picked up deaf and dumb. I too must be deaf and dumb to be *en rapport* with him."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed the Duchess.

"It'll stop her from singing, anyhow, your Grace," said the butler, who, with the licence permitted to an old retainer, had glanced over the Duchess's shoulder.

III.

"Little pink-faced boy," she said in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, "if you want me I am yours."

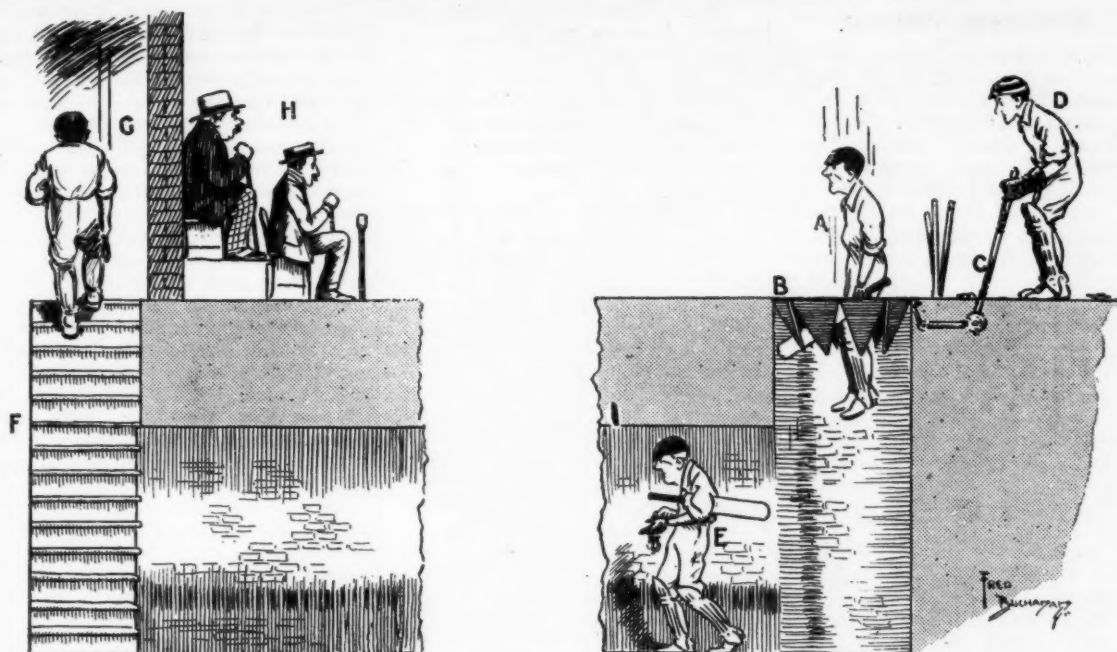
"Jane," he signed, "darling girl. I am poor; I am afflicted. I cannot accept your sacrifice."

"Pink-faced boy," her quick fingers spoke, "I too am deaf and dumb."

He leapt to his feet and clasped her to him.

* * * * *

It was a simple wedding in the little village church.



THE "TUBE" EXIT FOR UNSUCCESSFUL BATSMEN.

(A) A BASHED BATSMAN (DOWLED FOR A BLOB) DISAPPEARING THROUGH STAR TRAP (B), OPERATED AT LEVER (C), BY SYMPATHETIC WICKET-KEEPER (D).

(E) THE SAME BATSMAN PURSUING HIS INVISIBLE WAY ALONG UNDERGROUND PASSAGE TO STAIRCASE (F) LEADING TO INTERIOR OF PAVILION (G), THUS AVOIDING THE STONY STARES OF CONTEMPTUOUS SPECTATORS (H).

CANDIDATES FOR THE CARNEGIE HERO FUND.

THE papers recently contained an account of the distressing accident which befell the Duke of ORLEANS while playing golf on the Evesham Club links. "He was taking a big spring," so we read in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "and slipped, falling heavily on his right hand. Yet, in spite of having sustained a fracture of the metacarpal bone and wrenched the muscles of his forearm, he was playing golf at Cleeve Hill next day, using his left hand only."

It is a great satisfaction to us in these democratic days to know that the fortitude displayed by the Duke is not an isolated example of heroism *in excelsis*, but, as the following paragraphs show, can be paralleled by a number of similarly exhilarating instances.

Thus Lord Gosslyn, while recently engaged in throwing stones at an empty ginger-beer bottle on the sands at Clacton-on-Sea, slipped on a piece of seaweed, and fell into the sea, which at that point was several inches deep, and was stung on the right wrist by a jelly-fish. In spite of his injury Lord Gosslyn was seen next day on

his way to the railway station carrying his umbrella in his left hand.

Sir Halford Bond, the famous financier, met with a painful accident the other day while lunching at the Fitz Hotel. Having taken a mouthful of caviare, he began to tell an extremely humorous anecdote before the process of deglutition was complete, and was seized with a painful choking fit which caused consternation amongst the waiters. Fortunately Sir Austin Tabb-Lloyd, the famous throat specialist, happened to be lunching at an adjoining table and, rushing to the assistance of the distressed plutocrat, was able to give him speedy relief. Sir Halford Bond, who is a man of iron constitution, returned home in a taxi, and was so far recovered that at five o'clock tea he was able to partake freely of his favourite crab and Devonshire cream sandwiches and embark upon another story.

A regrettable accident befell Mr. Bax Remington, the famous novelist, while he was dressing for dinner last Friday night. As he was struggling with a refractory collar-stud Mr. Remington lost his balance and fell, striking his left elbow against a radium-mounted boot-jack. The bruise caused by the blow was very painful, but in spite of the dis-

comfort caused thereby Mr. Remington dictated his usual 4,000 words the next morning to his amanuensis, Mr. Widgery Roblett.

Last Saturday the Duchess of Darlington, while entertaining a number of distinguished guests at tea, was trying to blow out the lamp beneath a tea-kettle with a gold tube. Unfortunately the Duchess, who, like all members of her family, is endowed with a superb pulmonary equipment, directed so powerful a current of air on the lamp as to upset it, with the result that the flaming spirit was spilt on to a plate of almost priceless muffins, which were entirely destroyed by the devouring element. Several footmen were soon on the scene, and the flames were quickly extinguished, but the Duchess's complexion was seriously disturbed. Yet only three hours later she was seen at her box at the opera looking as serene and beautiful as if nothing had happened and with a complexion as good as new.

Soldier and Sailor Too.

Sir Luke's portrait is a full-length of His Majesty in his State robes of ermine and velvet, open to display his military uniform."

Daily Chronicle.

"The King is represented in admiral's uniform."—*Daily Mail.*

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

PAMELA was in her apple-green frock in her red hammock in her father's orchard. Thus I came upon her on that eventful day.

Pamela, I should mention, is my betrothed. I cannot say that the engagement gives me entire satisfaction, but why should I depress the reader at the outset by any sort of gloomy forebodings. No doubt the girl means well.

In order to surprise and delight her after the manner of lovers, I approached on tip-toe, and up to the last moment she had no inkling of my advent; then, like a startled kitten, she sprang up into the air and gave a scream that echoed through the orchard.

"You," she gasped, "James," and, falling into my arms, she buried her face against my shoulder.

"What is it?" I said.

"I can't tell you; it's too awful."

The words came to me muffled by the summer-suiting.

"The more awful it is," I assured her, "the better I shall like it. I love to be filled with awe."

She raised her head and surveyed me with round eyes.

"James, a man has been here . . . all the afternoon making . . . love . . . to me."

A hot flame of jealousy swept through my veins from top to toe.

"Ha!" I exclaimed, "where is the double-faced serpent in the tree-tops? I will shoot him like a dog." (I cannot say that I know exactly how to shoot like a dog, but doubtless there is some method.)

Pamela clasped her hands to her fair throat.

"Do not shoot him," she cried.

"You will be hung."

"Hanged."

"Hanged! Oh, James, I cannot lose you."

"Then he shall be horse-whipped. The hound shall not escape my wrath."

Pamela gave a cry of ecstasy.

"Oh, yes, yes," she cried. "Go now; you will find him at his house."

I stamped twice.

"Tell me the villain's name."

"His name is Bertie — Bertie Fulyard."

"What . . . Bertie? Not that . . . that enormous chap?"

"Yes, that's the man."

"Oh, no, I think not."

"What do you mean, 'you think not'? I know it was Bertie."

"I doubt it," I said, "I doubt it very much. We must not jump to the conclusion that it was Bertie."

Pamela became frantic.

Silly! When the man's been here making love to me, I *must* know whether it's Bertie or not."

"It might have been some other fellow made up as Bertie," I suggested. "He might have some odd idea that it would improve his chances."

Pamela flung herself into the hammock.

"We should all be sorry," I said, "if, after I'd gone and hurt the poor old thing, we found it was somebody else."

To tell the truth I was rather disinclined to move in the matter. I had had no previous experience either in horse-whipping or shooting like a dog, and I did not feel that Bertie was a suitable subject for a first experiment. Later on, perhaps, yes.

"And besides," I said, "I've got no horse-whip. What a pity, isn't it?"

Pamela turned in the hammock.

"You could buy one," she said.

"I had thought of that," I said, "but it is no easy matter. There are all kinds of complications. I believe you have to have a licence signed by a magistrate."

Pamela climbed out on to her feet.

"James," she said, "are you brave — or not?"

"Of course I am," I said. "I'm as brave as seven lions."

I walked and walked until I came to a cab-stand, where I found one cab.

"Want a keb, Sir?"

"No," I said, "I do not. What I want is a whip. I am a bull in whips."

I always talk business in this sort of smart clever way. But the man was dense, and it was a long time before his brain began to grasp the proposition. When he at last saw clearly he became suspicious, scenting, no doubt, some sinister design.

"Woffor?"

"For purposes of my own. Possibly to go fishing. It might be as a pipe cleaner, but that is unlikely. What you've got to tell me is your price."

He took the whip out of its stand and regarded it in solemn thought.

"For this 'ere whip, guv'nor," he said at last, "I'll take two quid."

"Done."

I doubt if ever a bargain was closed, even by an American financier, with more aplomb.

The cabman suggested that we should go across the road and drink each other's health, but I told him that I had placed myself under a solemn oath neither to eat nor drink until a certain deed was accomplished, whereupon it was agreed that he should go across and drink them both while I kept an eye on his horse.

It seemed to me that a little practice would not be out of place. The horse would doubtless make some sort of protest, but, as its hind legs were more or less tied to the cab, and its fangs buried in its nose-bag, I had no great anxiety on that score. So I patted its neck first to show that we were friends, and then took aim and gave it a considerable whack.

It knew at once when it had had enough. Tossing its head wildly, it galloped off with the cab rattling behind it, and almost immediately disappeared out of sight and out of this story.

After that, I looked about for other useful objects, but, with the exception of lamp-posts, I could find nothing at all resembling the shape or form of Bertie. If he had only been a short fat man the pillar-box would have been an admirable model.

By the time I reached all that mes-suage called "Pine Cot," the property of Bertie's people, I had got my eye in and was ready for the fray.

I rang the bell violently.

The maid trembled before me.

"Where is Mr. Bertie?" I asked.

"In the drawing-room, Sir."

I heard the distant clatter of china and conversation. Bertie would be handing round the tea-cups.

I could not go in and beat him before his mother and the lady visitors. In the society in which I move such a proceeding would have been condemned.

The proper course was the course I took. Placing the weapon in the umbrella-stand I went into the drawing-room, and, with a smile over a boiling heart, handed round cakes.

After tea we went to smoke in the billiard-room.

We played a game of billiards and I beat him. Then we played a game of croquet and I beat him. Then we played a game of billiards with the croquet balls and I beat him. Then we played a game of croquet with the billiard-balls and I beat him.

Then, of course, I went home.

You can't remember everything.

Bertie followed me down the drive with the absurd whip.

"Your umbrella, I think," he said.

"Is it good at keeping the rain off? I doubt it."

I did not say very much at the time, but I had only got a few steps outside the gate when I thought of an excellent joke about rain and reins and tore back, but he had disappeared into the house.

Pamela may say what she likes, but there is no doubt in my mind that, taking into consideration all the circumstances, Honour was well and truly satisfied.

THE FRAUD OF THE LABEL AGAIN.

He was in the opposite corner to me and for a while he read his paper. Then he looked out of the window, and then he began a furtive examination of myself and my belongings, in that offensive way which one's fellow passengers so often and so irritatingly employ. At last, after many false starts, he spoke to me.

"You rarely travel abroad?" he said inquiringly.

"Very rarely," I replied. "But what makes you think so?"

"Your bag," he said. "It has no foreign labels on it."

I perhaps showed surprise at his acumen, for he continued, very knowingly, in a half-whisper, leaning towards me, "But the converse isn't always true, you know."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, it doesn't necessarily follow that because a bag is covered with foreign labels its owner has travelled abroad. For instance," he added, with a cunning look, drawing from his pocket an envelope, "I could furnish you with a complete Swiss and Italian route in two minutes if you'd allow me;" and he spread before me a series of hotel labels ranging from Lucerne to Rome.

"So you mean that you deal in these things?" I asked in astonishment.

"I do indeed," he said. "My business is to turn the untravelled into travellers. There are lots of gentlemen who spend their holidays very quietly at home, after giving it out that they are going, say, to Nuremberg. Well, for half-a-crown I provide them with a good Nuremberg hotel label, and no one is the wiser—unless, of course, they are cross-examined too severely by one who knows that city. Young couples in the suburbs too are good customers of mine. There is a lot of rivalry in the suburbs about holidays, you may have noticed. Everyone wants to appear a little more expensive and venturesome than every one else; but they haven't really got the money for it, poor things, so they come to me, and I plaster circumstantial evidence of Innsbruck or Interlaken or Venice or Bergen all over their trunks; and they return from Rustington, or Hythe, or wherever it is, certain of a successful winter. They work entirely for their neighbours, do the young couples; but there are lots of gentlemen who work merely for fellow-passengers in railway carriages and on platforms. It's them they want to impress. Human nature's very rum. It is through observing it that I came to take up this business.



MORE TRANSPORT TROUBLES.

Conductor. "YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT CHILD, MUM."

Fare. "INDEED, I WON'T, YOUNG MAN! I NEVER 'AVE YET, AND I AIN'T A-GOIN' TO BEGIN NOW."

"Then there's another customer, who really does travel, but not in the style that he wants people to believe. In reality, when, for example, he stays at Lucerne, he puts up at some little cheap place without a name; but he gets from me a Schweizerhof label and sticks that on in the train. You see?"

I asked him how much he charged.

"Well," he said, "prices vary. In August, Scotch hotel labels are dearer than in July, of course, especially in the neighbourhood of the best moors. A Swiss set of eight I can do for a pound—half-a-crown apiece. The Italian set is dearer, and so on. When it comes to Russia and Greece, dearer still. India works out at about half-a-sovereign a label; but the big game districts of Africa are really costly—ten pounds a label sometimes. There's not much demand for American labels, but

Japans are a steady market. I've got a Japanese set here for a gentleman who pretends he's there now—a dramatic critic, I believe he is—but he's really hiding in Hertfordshire all the time. He's due back soon, and he wants the labels to look well-seasoned, and so we're sticking them on to-day. Such a nice gentleman."

"But surely your clients must get caught out now and then?" I said.

"Not if they're careful," he replied. "You see, I'm always at hand to help them. I deal in picture-postcards of foreign parts as well as labels, and then there's guide-books, you know. No, if they get caught out it's their own fault."

The train pulling up at King's Langley, he carefully collected his stock of labels, bade me good-day, and got out.



First Trooper Imperial Yeomanry (discussing a new officer). "SWEARS A BIT, DON'T 'E, SOMETIMES!"
Second Trooper. "'E's A MASTERPIECE, 'E IS; JUST OPENS 'IS MOUTH AND LETS IT SAY WOT IT LIKES."

A FEW WORDS WITH A CRUSTACEAN.

LOBSTER, lo! 'tis a random notion,
 But somehow I feel distressed for thee
 Darkling there in the depths of ocean,
 Innocent, fancy-free,
 All unconscious of doom ahead,
 Days when thy cheek shall blush as red
 As the cheek of a girl when her heart hath said,
 Suddenly stirred with a sweet commotion,
 "Cecil is soft on me."

All unconscious of him that caters
 Far inland for a ruthless craze,
 Ready to rip thy pincered gaiters
 Off in the latter days;
 All unconscious, without a tear
 For the night that shall see thee stark and drear
 Stretched thy length on a lettuce-bier,
 For the glittering lamps and the foreign waiters,
 For the frocks and the mayonnaise.

Yes. Or it may be up the river,
 Long ere Tamesis tastes the brine,
 Out on a punt where the rushes quiver
 And the green boughs intertwine,
 Far, O far, from the trident strong
 Of the great sea-god, thou must feel the prong
 Of the Naiad's fork, and thy tentacles long
 Are stretched in vain, and the girl (forgive her!)
 Laughs at those claws of thine.

Such the deaths of the old Atridae;
 Such the horrible type of doom
 That fell upon Itys; so untidy
 Perished that minstrel whom,
 Bacchanal-mad for the love of him,
 Women of Thrace tore limb from limb;
 So full oft for a woman's whim
 (For a fair young girl, or a perfect lady)
 Thou perishest—but thy bloom,

That was not there in the salty billows,
 There where the dreadful snakes are coiled,
 Bursts to life on thy salad pillows
 Because thou hast just been boiled.
 If ever in wandering off the shore
 Deeds thou hast done not well before,
 By the rosy flame that hath flushed thee o'er
 Now art thou shrived of thy peccadilloes,
 Now is thy soul assoiled.

That is a comforting thought, O lobster;
 Ay, and there's more:—if it comes to woes,
 Perhaps I had better have made the throb stir
 In my pitiful heart for those
 That (not like thee) unavenged die;
 Glazed and dull is thy beady eye,
 But still I can see in it something sly,
 For Clara eats, but in turn thou rob'st her
 Of half of her night's repose.

EVOE.



THE PARLIAMENTARY HACK.

Mr. Asquith. "COME ON, TAGALIE! WE'LL GET THERE BY CHRISTMAS."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



OUR LORD HALDANE IN GERMANY.

[“I am credibly informed he went with a friend who by the cut of his beard was identified in Germany as being either the PRIME MINISTER or myself.”—Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons.]

Tuesday, June 4.—Curious how through successive Parliaments, elected under whatsoever circumstances, howsoever affecting the fortunes of Party, there is always a little group of Members who constitute themselves a sort of conduit pipe between disaffected natives of India and the House of Commons. Differing in name and personal environment, they are singularly alike. Well-meaning but not wise; voluble rather than convincing. No harm done in this country beyond certain waste of time. Unfortunately case different in India. Section of native press which sets itself continuously to blow embers of unrest takes care that this class of question is reproduced in its columns, where it looms large and serves purpose of inflaming wrath, occasionally leading to lamentable outbreak of crime.

When DON'T KEIR HARDIE returned from visit to storied Ind, bringing with him the reach-me-down suit of once spotless linen, he made himself mouth-piece of this group. Other interests nearer home, therefore more valuable for

advertisement purposes, later claimed his attention, and MACCALLUM SCOTT stepped into the breach.

Up this afternoon to seize earliest opportunity of putting little conundrum to UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA. Wants to know “how many out of the total number of members of the district board, talug boards, municipalities, and union panchaits, in the districts of Ganjam, were Uriyas [no allusion to *Heep*] and how many were Telegus, in the years 1903, 1909, and the present year?” What may lurk under this inquiry no one, except perhaps the guilty UNDER-SECRETARY, knows. Be sure it implies grave charge of maladministration on part of Government of India.

Whilst MACCALLUM SCOTT centres his concern upon India the MAD HATTER, after his pleasing fashion, surveys mankind from China to Peru. The world is his oyster, and day after day through the Session he opens it with the knife of interrogation. Coming back refreshed by holiday, he delights House with increased resemblance to his immortal prototype.

More especially when viewed in profile one feels sure he must have sat to TENNIEL when he sketched the most familiar of his fancy portraits. In his inconsequential curiosity, in the confidence of his assurance when laying down propositions, and in his habit of suddenly popping up and taking the lead in conversation when no one is thinking about him, he tends to rob LEWIS CARROLL of the originality hitherto conceded to the creation of one of *Alice's* most attractive companions in Wonderland. Here in flesh and blood is the man we were brought up to believe was the joint fantasy of author and artist.

To-day there are twenty-eight questions on the paper. Of these, seven, exactly one-fourth of the whole, stand in the name of the MAD HATTER. After passing reference to Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST and ENRICO MALATESTA, by way of showing that elephants are not singular in the capacity of picking up pins and uprooting oaks with equal accuracy and ease, he passed on to consider the war between

Turkey and Italy; the condition of British Naval power in the Mediterranean; the attitude of the Russian Government in connection with Miss MALECKA; and NAPOLEON B. HALDANE's holiday descent upon Germany.

In connection with this last subject he came a cropper that would have shut up some men for at least an hour. Inquired "whether FOREIGN SECRETARY could make any statement regarding the recent visit of Viscount HALDANE to Berlin."

"Sorry I cannot," EDWARD GREY blandly responded, "since Viscount HALDANE has not recently been to Berlin."

Apart from this slip the MAD HATTER's questions are models of simplicity and directness. For more than a week eyes of Europe have been fixed upon PRIME MINISTER and FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY in council with KITCHENER at Malta. What their business might be and what direction it took are matters of persistent surmise. Essential to success that proceedings should be confidential. Secret well kept. Not a whisper of authentic information is floating about.

This the MAD HATTER's opportunity. Rises and, with artlessness that could not be exceeded if he were asking someone on Treasury Bench to tell him "the right time," he enquires "whether the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY can state what measures are intended to strengthen our naval power in the Mediterranean?"

Fact that FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY is himself on the Mediterranean, somewhat beyond earshot, makes no difference. The MAD HATTER puts his question, gets his snub, and imperturbably proceeds to ask FOREIGN SECRETARY "whether he is in a position to state the result of recent negotiations aimed at bringing to an end the war between Turkey and Italy."

Business done.—House resumed after Whitsun recess. Small attendance, with customary result that batches of votes were got in Committee of Supply. On motion for adjournment STRAUSS rose to call attention to disbandment of Paddington Rifles.

"Paddington," said the strenuous STRAUSS, "is in a state of boiling indignation, and it is my duty to my constituents to voice that indignation."

"MR. SPEAKER," said another voice, "I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are not forty Members present."

This computation turning out correct, House counted out at twenty minutes to ten, with Paddington's indignation unvoiced.

Thursday.—This being rather a warm evening after welcome rain, pleasant to sit and look on at more or less skilful skating over thin ice. Adjournment moved in order to discuss question of Dock Strike. Matter referred in first instance to EDWARD CLARKE, who delivered judgment worthy fame of SOLON or SOLOMON. Commonplace persons would have found either the masters wrong, or the men delinquent. CLARKE impartially declared that both were in the wrong, and deftly divided portions of responsibility. "A plague on both your Houses!" was conclusion arrived at by MERCUTIO CLARKE. The



MERCURY, BART.
(SIR HENNIKER HEATON.)

O'GRADY, described in *Dod* as "an organiser," now carries appeal to High Court of Parliament.

Actually no more difficulty for House to arrive at conclusion on matter than beset CLARKE. Difference is that whereas he formed his judgment uninfluenced by other considerations than those which in such circumstances influence the trained judicial mind, position of Labour Problem in House of Commons is otherwise dominated. The British workman has a vote, which forms considerable numerical proportion of poll at by-elections. He is, moreover, apt to use it for class or personal profit rather than for more lofty consideration of Party advantage.

It accordingly becomes necessary for Leaders of Parties to walk warily on such questions as that opened to-night.

In such circumstances LLOYD GEORGE at his best—adroit, conciliatory, his countenance beaming with artless desire to serve his fellow working-man. The sympathy of BONNER and his Party naturally with the masters. But it would never do to estrange the Labour vote. Accordingly he joins in the political Turkey Trot.

Business done.—Committee of Supply interrupted for conversation about Dock Strike.

Friday.—HENNIKER HEATON no longer one of us. But Members on both sides hear with pleasure of triumphant reception awaiting him at Guildhall on Tuesday, to welcome him on return from Australia, and to applaud the tardy honour of a Baronetcy awarded during absence. Few men can show such record of public work achieved by personal exertion as can the long-time Member for CANTERBURY.

As the Member for SARK says, "HENNIKER HEATON was penny wise in his prolonged patient endeavour to reduce cost of ocean postage between the Mother Country and the Colonies, India and the United States. The officials who long successfully baulked his endeavour were tuppence-ha'penny foolish."

Business done.—Report stage of Government of India Bill concluded. Bill reported to the House.

An Invocation.

"A spirit of moderation," we are told, "hovers over the new fashions in millinery." Blest hoverer o'er the fashions of the Town,

No longer flutter in the ambient air,
But rather settle permanently down
Upon the costumes of our fickle fair.

The Ways of the Wicked.

"They are the worst set of employers," said one speaker, Mr. Matthews, of Enfield, "that I have ever come in contact with in my life. . . . They robe the maimed, the blind, the widow, and the labourer."—*Evening News*.

A Memorable Performance.

"Mr. Churchill conversed with every officer on parade. Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Churchill, and the Enchantress party witnessed the spectacle from the reserved enclosure."—*Daily News*.

"The fascination of masquerading in the dress of the early years of the nineteenth century appealed to many whom a more remote period would have left cold."—*Daily Chronicle*.
The woad period, for instance.

"Later in the day the bride and bridegroom left for the honeymoon, the latter wearing a gown of old blue taffetas and beige coloured soft satin."—*Daily Mirror*.

The creases down the front of the bride's trousers were much admired.



Minor Poet. "I SAY, MY GOOD MAN, WOULD YOU MIND GOING TO SOME OTHER PART OF THE GARDEN? I FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO GET ON WITH MY SONNET ON THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR WHILE YOU'RE WORKING AT THOSE ROSES."

ENVELOPES, COMMERCIAL SIZE.

THIS sort is used by your stockbroker
When he writes from his office, E.C., "Dear Sir,—
I much regret that the consequence
Of not being guided by common sense,
And of buying a bull when you should have sold
A bear of rubber and tea and gold,
Is this: you're landed in heavy loss.
Next time you'd better play pitch-and-toss.
There's one thing certain—you can't blame me,
For I told you just how the thing would be;
But of course you were deaf to my appeal;
Please send me a cheque and I'll close the deal."

And next you note with a touch of awe
A letter that comes from your man of law,
He has filled it full of absurd advice,
Signed it, folded it neatly twice,
And popped it, planning to blast your hope,
In the usual oblong envelope.
"Dear Sir," it begins,—"*Yourself ats* Brown*,
I'm sorry the plaintiff won't climb down.
In short, the fact you are bound to face
Is the fact that you haven't got a case.
Of course it's rather a nasty blow,
But please remember I told you so."

And all the tradesmen with empty tills
In oblong envelopes send their bills;

* Legal jargon for "at suit of."

And all the silly advertisements
Of garden-rollers or soaps and scents,
Of iron railings or food for cats,
Of poison-powders for mice and rats,
Of all the ridiculous things you don't have,
And, being a sane man, simply won't have,
Such as tubular boilers and stoles and copes,
Arrive in the oblong envelopes.
In fact, I'm crushed by a regular blight of 'em,
And that's the reason I hate the sight of 'em.

Commercial Candour.

From an Indian Catalogue:—

"In the rush of a very busy season, with our show-rooms crowded day after day, it would seem as though we were selling the whole world. The vital question is, Did we sell you? If not, our problem is to reach you at home."

The Small Holdings Movement.

"In accordance with custom the Gardeners' Company presented flowers, fruit, vegetables, and sweet herbs to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, together with a bouquet of choice orchards for the Lady Mayoress."—*Morning Post*.

"Mr. Stevens cited an occasion when one of the members who was fishing used language which was 'beyond all endurance, and enough to poison the fish.' Eventually a new rule was adopted directing that any member reported using bad language on the waters should be liable to be called before the committee, and dealt with at their discretion."—*Leicester Mercury*.

As *Caliban* said: "No more dams I'll make for fish."

"The death took place on Friday morning of Sodium Phenylmethyl-pyrazolonamidomethansulphonate."—*Western Daily Press*.
We only wonder he stood it so long.

HOW TO BUY THINGS.

A BUSINESS.

EVERYONE ought to have some occupation in life—we cannot all be in the Civil Service—and the desire to buy a business does credit to a man. At the same time the greatest care should be exercised—"Caveat emptor," as some witty Frenchman has remarked. (The English maxim, "Mind your own business," obviously does not apply: you have not got one.) When purchasing, try to think of a business in which your previous experience, such as it is, may be of some help to you, and not a hindrance. Thus, if you have been a librarian, you are not likely to make a good dentist. Not for some time, anyway. Very few members of the Stock Exchange—to make our meaning still plainer—become first-rate tea-tasters; and we have yet to hear of a curate who has made bill-discounting pay. Some businesses are easy to buy, while others are very difficult. Among the easy ones are: growing things under glass, beauty parlours, and developing patents. These are really absurdly easy. Examples of businesses which are difficult to buy are: well-paid sinecures (otherwise an excellent investment), a Governorship of the Bank of England, or the editorship of a London paper. You will probably want a little private influence to get one of these posts; failing that, try an advertisement in *The Exchange and Mart*. The careful buyer will consider not only the business but every other detail bearing upon it before purchasing, such as its situation, for instance. The writer once knew a man who bought a business that was miles and miles away from the nearest golf links. Of course he failed. This only shows how people forget to take the most obvious precautions when embarking upon a business career.

A BEDSTEAD.

Unless you live in Paris or follow the occupation of a night editor, you must sleep sometimes. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary the best appliance yet devised for meeting this necessity is a bedstead. This has always been the writer's view, and always will be. It is true there is the British Museum, but you cannot smoke in that sanctuary. Beds are made in endless variety nowadays, and it behoves the careful buyer to exercise discretion. If you are buying a bed with the intention of sleeping in it yourself, you cannot do better than get a strong brass bedstead with mattress, blankets, pillow, and all that sort of thing. If you are not too hard a

sleeper, this kind of bed should last you a long time. So much for your own needs. But there are others to be considered. For instance, you may have a friend who comes to dine sometimes, stays late, and misses his last train home. For cases of this sort the folding or emergency bed is indicated. It stands in a corner all day, and looks something like a box of books; at night you unfold it, and it looks something like a bed—near enough for your purpose, anyway. When the hour arrives, put your guest into it, and retire to rest yourself; sleep being the most precious boon vouchsafed to mankind. If you have any doubts about this, enquire of your friend at breakfast: you will find, most likely, that he has been thinking the same thing himself for some time. The chances are that he will never miss his last train again; which shows how important it is to buy the right kind of bed.

A POSTAL ORDER.

Owing to the inelasticity of the Post Office Regulations, there is very little scope for the bargain-hunter in the matter of postal orders. It is a case of take it or leave it. Postal orders are issued for amounts varying from sixpence to a guinea. The cheapest ones are used for newspaper competitions and backing horses; the latter circulate among the nobility and upper classes. Buying a postal order is, of course, a fairly simple process, yet a few words may not come amiss. First of all, provide yourself with the necessary amount of money, plus poundage, repair to the nearest post-office, and address yourself to the nearest young lady. She will at once refer you to another young lady, it is true; but you would not have gained any time if you had gone to this young lady first, because then you would have been referred to the other young lady. This is one of the things that no fellow can understand. Having pushed your money over the counter, wait for your postal order. Above all, do not tap on the counter; it is excessively bad manners to interrupt people when they are reading. Postal orders represent cash, and it is as well not to lose one, though, indeed, you may protect yourself by writing "and Coy." across the face. Opinions differ as to what can be done with an order so marked; persons who ought to know say that nobody, except, perhaps, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, can negotiate an order bearing these words. The counterfoil, which may invariably be found on the left-hand side of the perforated line, is another safeguard. It is full of good things and makes capital light reading

when you have parted with the *corpus* of the order. A friend of the writer lost a postal order only last week and he had not preserved the counterfoil: however his impression is that the number was H2SO4, or as near as may be, and if this should meet the eye of anyone who has such an order in his possession, he will oblige by forwarding same without delay.

THE CASE OF VULCAN MACTAGGART.

In my polite way I had permitted myself to be jostled and elbowed practically out of the crowd, but, although I could not see what was being sold, the auctioneer's robust voice was distinctly audible.

"And now we come to Lot 237," he announced with, for the two hundred and thirty-seventh time, a note of genuine admiration and gratification in his voice. "Lot 237—a very refined and tasty piece of stachery—hand-carved by a foremost Greek carver—entitled"—he paused, presumably to consult his catalogue—"entitled, 'Vulcan,' a rare old piece. Now, gentlemen, how much for this rare old piece, Vulcan—a Roman centurion in his day, and a very handsome bit of work? Come on, gentlemen, how much for Vulcan—ain't there no motorists here to-day?—the inventor of vulcanizing, gentlemen—and—thank you—eighteenpence I'm only bid. Vulcan, the man who saved Rome by the cackling of his geese—two shillings I'm bid, two shillings only I'm offered. This rare old piece—two-and-six—would make a very tasty umbrella-stand with a rail run round him—and he's going at half-a-crown. This old-established Roman centurion going in two places for three shillings—three-and-six in the corner, and he's going—he's going—"

I did not like to let him go for three-and-six, so I bid four shillings, and Vulcan was knocked down to me with a swiftness that was almost suspicious. I arranged with the sale porter for delivery and hurried on to keep an appointment.

Vulcan did not arrive until the following day, when he was deposited on the lawn by three strong and thirsty men. After lunch I went out to interview him. I had misgivings immediately I set eyes on him. Anybody but an auctioneer would have known that the kilts that the "statue" wore had but the remotest resemblance to those queer little skirts affected by the Roman soldiery. And Vulcan, I believe, managed with even less.

I examined the "statue" and, by scraping the mud from the base, dis-

covered an inscription which set forth that this was "Andrew MacTaggart, of Aberdeen." The work was very obviously out of the yard of an Aberdeen stonemason, urn-dealer and cemetery-outfitter. No doubt Mr. MacTaggart's heirs had exported him to London when the authorities boycotted him for Aberdeen, and from London he had been hounded into the country. I blamed nobody but quietly retired to my study, pending the return of Hobson, our one-armed handy man, from the local foundry with the sledgehammer, leaving Vulcan MacTaggart—soon to become a rockery—monarch of all he surveyed.

I was endeavouring to compose my thoughts for a little work when I heard a subdued cough from the lawn outside. I looked through the casement and observed that a stranger had appeared within cur front gate. He was a very small, middle-aged, meek-looking man, wearing a very large but also middle-aged and meek-looking frock-coat. He was peering short-sightedly through very strong glasses at Vulcan MacTaggart, with a shyly ingratiating smile on his mild face. He raised his silk hat—another "rare old piece"—and bowed.

"Good day, Madam," he said. He deduced the sex from the kilts, I suppose.

Vulcan, sitting in sullen grandeur, did not answer, but the little man was unabashed.

"I have called," he went on, "in the hope of interestin' you in the great science of phrenology, of which I have the honour to be one of the foremost leaders."

Vulcan MacTaggart continued to gaze pensively at the ground.

Apparently emboldened by the silence the little short-sighted man continued.

"The development of phrenology, Madam, is the most outstanding feature of the age. It has lifted millions of misunderstood women from the depths of despair to the crown of glory. Many an 'usband has learned to understand and re-love his sorrowin' wife through perusin' one of my eighteen-penny readin's of her 'ead—eighteen pence, with chart throwd in, Madam—verbal readin's only, one shilling."

He was getting brighter, cheerier, more confident every second. I suppose he interpreted the silence of Mr. MacTaggart as the silence that gives consent. His hand was stealing cautiously out towards Vulcan's head.

"If you are misunderstood," he said, "if you, too, feel that your nobility of character is not fully appreciated by them with whom you daily come into contact I hope that you will confi-



American Tripper (doing Cambridge). "SNAP HIM, SADIE; THAT'S A PROFESSOR. YOU CAN TELL HIM BY HIS HAT AND CLOAK."

dently allow me to pass my 'and acrost your 'ead, Madam, and mark you out a chart which will convince your doubtin' friends that your nobility should be appreciated accordin'."

He waited a moment longer. There was no reply, and then his hand closed upon the cold stone skull of Vulcan MacTaggart.

"This 'ead," he had begun mechanically—"this 'ead that I 'old"—and there he stopped, dropping his hand as though the "status" was red-hot.

He took off his glasses, wiped them, replaced them, blinked a little, then reached out his hand again and rapped his knuckles against the Scotsman's head; then he stepped back, blushed,

glanced furtively round at the house, picked up a small shabby leather hand-bag, silently but swiftly slunk through the gate, and was gone.

And Vulcan MacTaggart continued to stare steadily at the ground.

"Poesy," said Mr. THOMAS HARDY the other day, "cannot die."

True; but on the same day JIM DRISCOLL knocked him out in twelve rounds.

"As Bacon said in an un-Shakespearian mood, 'He who would have friends must show himself friendly.'"—*The World*.

See also SOLOMON in an un-Davidian mood, *Proverbs xviii. 24*.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PRINCESS.

"THERE is no way out of it," said the King; "I wish there were, for your sake." Even the Queen, when the Princess Seraphina had turned to her for protection against this fearful, unexpected blow, could only look sympathetically at her daughter, and murmur vague platitudes about duty. The poor girl felt that her last hope was slipping from her.

"After all," said the King, "why unexpected? As my only daughter and a princess of the royal house of Zenda-und-Wasser, you must have known that this sort of thing was simply bound to happen some time."

"But to marry an entire stranger, in whom I don't feel even the remotest interest!" sobbed the Princess.

"I did it," said the Queen proudly. The King coughed, and there was a pause of embarrassment for several minutes. In that pause Princess Seraphina bowed to the inevitable. She inclined her head. "Very well," she sighed brokenly, "it shall be as you say."

So presently everybody about the court, and soon afterwards everybody in the capital and throughout all the kingdom of Zenda-und-Wasser, knew that the Princess Seraphina was to be formally betrothed to H.R.H. Prince Theobald of Thingumbobbia during his approaching visit.

But, as the approaching visit approached, the Princess found her own distaste for the proposal increasing with every hour. At last, on the very afternoon before that on which the royal suitor was to arrive, she could stand the strain no longer. Anything, she told herself, was better than inaction. Her word was pledged, and for a princess of Zenda-und-Wasser there could be no going back upon it; but at least one half-day remained to her for liberty and even—who knew?—romance. Dismissing her attendants, she wandered out into the home park alone. Absorbed in her gloomy reflections, she hardly noticed where she was going; so marked indeed was her abstraction, on crossing a public avenue at some distance from the palace, she was run down, and had the narrowest shave of being upset, by a strange young man on a motor bicycle.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man; "I hope you are not hurt?"

The Princess also hoped she wasn't; and on investigation both their hopes turned out to be well-founded. She told him so quite graciously, accompanying the words with a smile that had made more money at bazaar open-

ings than almost any in Europe. To herself she was wondering why the young man (who was quite presentable and even good-looking without his goggles) did not recognise her and appear more embarrassed. This, however, was partly accounted for by the fact that he was obviously a foreigner.

So they got talking. To the Princess it seemed that in face of this tremendous upheaval in her existence such trifles as the proprieties were of small moment. Moreover, if she was not to have a romance with a strange young man then, she might never have another chance. Anyhow, they sat down together on a fallen tree by the roadside, one thing led to another, and presently she found herself telling him that she was among the most miserable of mortals.

"That seems strange," said the young man, who was a very rapid goer, "for you are certainly among the most beautiful."

"Yes," answered the Princess, who had been taught always to speak the truth, even about herself. "I must comfort myself by remembering that in the royal pavilion to-morrow."

"The royal pavilion!" echoed the young man, looking a little startled. "You mean the thing they are putting up outside the railway-station?"

"Horrid, isn't it?" said the Princess. "I have to welcome my future husband in it at 12.30. Shall you happen to be there?"

She spoke carelessly, to disguise her emotion. It was clear that the young man was equally moved. He did not meet her eyes. His whole manner had altered. "Yes," he said in a strange voice, "as it happens I shall also be there."

"I am glad of that," said the Princess; and soon afterwards they parted.

But for the Princess the memory of the strange young man, as he came round the corner on his motor-bicycle, or later when he removed his goggles and told her that she was beautiful, remained to comfort her. Somehow the thought that somewhere, obscure and unrecognised in the crowd, he would be watching her, helped her to contemplate even the dreaded moment when she would have to greet her destined spouse beneath the rose-hung canopy that had usurped the place of the hotel omnibuses.

And now the moment had come. Clad in a costume that was the very last word of the court milliner, she stood, the cynosure of every eye, in the red carpeted space, round which were grouped, at a respectful distance, all the flashing chivalry of Zenda-und-

Wasser. Behind these again came the cinematographers and the special correspondents twenty deep. Further back were the troops, and lastly the loyal populace, frenzied with enthusiasm when they could see anything, and with fury when they could not.

Bang, bang went the guns, and at the same instant the massed bands crashed almost as one into the martial strains of the Thingumbobian National Anthem. Where was the young man of the motor-bicycle? The Princess dared not look up, though she felt rather than saw that a figure resplendent in dazzling uniform was advancing towards her. It halted; the supreme moment was at hand. Slowly, slowly the Princess raised her eyes to the face of this stranger who was to be her husband, and saw—a stranger!

It was certainly the big surprise of her life. That he was quite an amiable stranger, with whom presently she fell in love, and eventually lived happy ever after, did little to mitigate the first severity of the shock. It is recorded of her, indeed, that she never afterwards believed in short stories again.

As for the young man, who was an assistant to the pavilion-contractor, he saw nothing of all this, having unexpectedly had to leave the capital by an early train in order to superintend another job. He laments to this day his neglect to obtain the Princess's autograph.

Thus we see that things are not always what they seem about to be.

Unaccountable Aberration.

"A man thrust himself through the crowd, declaring he wanted to see Mr. Winston Churchill. He was detained to have the state of his mind enquired into."—*Daily Paper*.

Vive l'Entente!

"Cambridge, with their eleven differing in five instances from that which beat Yorkshire, took the field with four Blues (Kidd, H. Mulholland, Holloway, and Saville), one Senior (Sullivan), and six Frenchmen."

Gloucestershire Echo.

More trouble for BARON MARSHALL VON BIEBERSTEIN.

A Lover of Nature.

Speaking of the German Crown Prince's forthcoming book, the publishers describe his "thankful joy in the wonders of Nature, whether the author is tracking elephants in the jungles of Ceylon, stalking deer in German forests, or shooting grouse in Scotland." Compare a recent work on "Our Dumb Friends: How to Drive, Shoot and Stuff Them."



Countryman (to motorist who has given him a lift). "YOU BAIN'T GINTER PASS THE OLD COW, BE YOU, MISTER?"

Motorist. "YES; WHY?"

Countryman. "OI BE DEOVIN' SHE INTER TAUNTON."

THE ARTISTS.

BLUE as a mile of pansies are the seas that circle the shores,
Circle the shores of Fairyland and the high, enchanted
ways

Where the great grim sea-green dragons guard the jade
and the amber doors,

And the Queen of the Fairies' peacocks walk under the
crimson may's;

Oh, what, I wonder,
Could look more gay
Than a peacock under
A crimson may?

For that is the home of colour and many a wizard hue,

'Tis there they deck the rainbow ere he's pinned against
the rain,

And squeeze the tubes for the pictures of "things too good
to be true,"

And make the gilt for the turrets of castles we build in
Spain;

And what's more gilded,
This world amid,
Than castles builded
Near old Madrid?

For we, we're all of us artists with plans and canvases

Of excellent Spanish castles with turrets all about,

With angels in the corners, romaunts, and symphonies

Of things as we would have them did every dream work
out;

And such were duller,
You'll understand,
If robbed of colour
From Fairyland!

So we must stroke the dragons and tickle their shiny scales,
And they shall grin politely and we shall pass along,
Where under the crimson may-trees the peacocks spread
their tails,

To dip our brushes in magic and echoes of fairy song;

And find us Fancy
Our daubs to deck,
With tints of pansy
And peacock's neck!

Heavy Damages.

MR. KEIR HARDIE has recently been accusing the officers
of His Majesty's Army of being highly paid. He may be
interested to learn from the following extract, taken from
the General Orders issued to the Force in Egypt, what
exhausting drains are liable to be made upon the Officers'
Mess in matters that have nothing to do with personal
extravagance:—

"588.—Barrack Damages.—At an intermediate inspection taken at
the Military Hospital, Ras-el-Tin, Alexandria, on the 7th April, damages
were assessed to the total of 1s. 2½d. The following amounts will there-
fore be charged—21st Lancers 1d., 1st Scots Guards 2d., 2nd Devon
Regiment 9½d., 4th Rifle Brigade 2d."

The Power of Music.

There has been talk lately of the abolition of Military
Bands. The following passage, showing their value in its
true light, should be a death-blow to the abolitionists:—

"NAVY v. ARMY.

Matters were going well for the Navy when Captain Baird came on
to bowl at the Nursery end, F. J. Wyatt was brought back at the other,
and the band of the Royal Artillery struck up the first number on their
programme. The last seven wickets then fell for forty-six."

The Field.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It was Mr. BARBOO JABERJEE, B.A., who held that Woman loses in queenly dignity when she begins to turn cart-wheels on the stage. I go further than my learned friend. To my mind, she loses in queenly dignity when she masquerades in male costume, even though her motive in so doing is to be with the hero in his hour of danger. To others it may be thrilling, but to me it always smacks of pantomime. Thus, when *Nini Auroy*, in Mr. S. R. CROCKETT's *Anne of the Barricades* (HODDER AND STOUT), donned a military uniform and joined *Jean de Larsac* in Paris, whither he had been sent by M. THIERS to spy out the weaknesses of the Communists, I was sorry. Charming as she was, I did not need her then, being quite satisfied to concentrate myself exclusively on *Jean*. The adventures of this gallant general of artillery are set forth in Mr. CROCKETT's best manner. That extraordinary farce-tragedy, the career of the Commune, could never be uninteresting, and Mr. CROCKETT has found it a more than usually inspiring theme. I think, however, that he was a little afraid of the tragic possibilities of what must have been his original idea—that of a soldier-hero and a Communist heroine—and modified it by the introduction of *Nini*. In Chapter One *Jean* is obviously in love with *Anne Decies*, soon to be the Joan of Arc of the Commune. Such a situation, if developed, must have absolutely forbidden anything in the shape of a "happy ending," and Mr. CROCKETT—regretfully, I hope—compromised. He reduced the relations between *Anne* and *Jean* to a brother-and-sister friendship, and created *Nini* to supply the love interest. The result is a story less powerful than it might have been, but still full of drama and giving a very clear picture of those troubled times.

The only thing that I do not like very much about *Save us from our Friends* (GREENING) is the title, which seems cumbersome, though it is certainly expressive of this excellently entertaining story. Mr. WILLIAM CAINE dedicates it "to any matchmaker," and one can only hope that its lesson and warning may be taken to heart by all such well-meaning but often devastating persons. The awful example here is one *Fanny Bazendale*, who, because she was happily married herself and had a passion for string-pulling, nearly succeeded in playing ducks and drakes with the lives of the four people whom she and her complacent husband had brought to share their holiday at Trou-les-Dunes. The trouble was that *Fanny*, misunderstanding the facts, would try to pair off the right duck with the wrong drake. Hence general vexation of spirit; and incidentally, through the craft of Mr. CAINE, a comedy of baffled courtship that is as amusing as anything I have read on the subject this great while. It is all light as foam, but so deftly treated and kept so well in just the right holiday humour that you

will be bound to laugh both at and with all six of its delightful characters. I myself chuckled aloud (a thing I seldom do at the bidding of a printed page) over the failure of poor *Fanny*'s nocturnal river-party, which, from her wrong assortment of couples, became, instead of a romantic serenade in the moonlight, a wild race between two mutually jealous and suspicious oarsmen. But the whole book is capital fun, and, before its happy ending, will have made for you six jolly new friends, from whom, despite their pig-headedness, you will have no desire whatever to be saved.

On the title-page of *The Cost of It* (HEINEMANN) ELEANOR MORDAUNT quotes from Ezekiel xviii. 2: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." As the plot of the story deals with *Harry Mostyn*'s return to his mother and his mother's people (she was of partially black blood, and had been deserted by her husband) and his successful treatment of a sugar-plantation on the island of "Monterracine," and, as everywhere the shifty and unpleasant traits of the "whitey-browns" are insisted upon, I

was led to suppose that the novel would be yet another diatribe against mixed marriages, and would culminate in some dire catastrophe. Yet *Harry Mostyn* throughout the book remains the strong, silent Englishman so dear to romance, marries an English girl without any apparent heart-searchings on the subject of his disability, and, although she worries herself to distraction with the fear that her first-born may exhibit the taint, I cannot find that he is in any way considered blameworthy by the authoress. The child is still-born, and we are left to suppose that the future will be



Teacher of Nature-Study Class (during a sudden shower). "Now, CHILDREN, THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY YOU MUST NOT MISS. TAKE YOUR BOOKS AND MAKE CAREFUL NOTES OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF THE ORDINARY EARTH-WORM ON ITS EMERGING INTO DAYLIGHT."

happy, so that I am still painfully wondering what exactly "the cost of it" is. For the rest the book is remarkable for a very painstaking and obviously truthful account of the industries, population and customs of the island of Monterracine, and for the curious incident of *Major Burston*, who is described as an Etonian and a good rider and shot. This gentleman, whilst attempting to escape with his fiancée from a native riot, allowed her to fall off the back of a cart, and left her to the mercy of their pursuers. I clenched my hands tightly, shut both eyes and opened my mouth, but somehow I failed to swallow this. If only however for the tints of its exotic colouring, I can recommend *The Cost of It*, which, after all, is merely, I suppose, six shillings.

FROM Mr. WARNER'S book, *England v. Australia* :—

"Barnes had bowled 9 overs, 6 maidens, for 3 runs and 4 wickets; surely a most astounding and scarcely creditable performance." Rotter—to throw away three runs like that.

"The Port of London employers met the members of the Government yesterday with regard to the strike, but no statement was made on either side."—*Manchester Guardian*.

The silence must have been awful.